

## Swallows

*Hartley, Marsden, 1877-1943*

The Blueblack swallows with their saffron breasts  
Punctuate the rooftree—and they make pretty commas  
On the wires,  
And place superb accents above the blowing corn--  
How would it be to skim like them,  
The surface of all things,  
To graze the cheek of every beauty,  
And press one's lips to the sky, with a sudden frenzy--  
To dot the pale vowels on the pages of the sun  
With swift points of beetle-blue;  
They turn their breasts up to the sky  
Swinging arrow-like, upon a skipping wind,  
These countless commas with painted wings.